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THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

[ESTABLISHED 1840].

"For God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind" (II. TIMOTHY 1: 7.)

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THE MILLENNIAL STAR.

XXV.

IN issuing his "Greeting," July 10, 1919, President George Albert Smith referred to the fact of his grandfather and his father having preceded him as missionaries in Great Britain; the former in 1840, and the latter in 1874, and again in 1882, when he was President of the mission. He said: "With my wife and two children, I come to the mission imbued with a desire to be a blessing to you and all whom I may be able to influence. Assisted by good, capable associates at headquarters, and faithful men and women in the field, I look with pleasant anticipation for a fruitful harvest of honest souls."

At the time of President Smith's coming, the depletion of the missionary force had reached, perhaps, the low water mark, in the history of the mission. There were here then only President George F. Richards, Elders John E. Cottam, Junius F. Wells, James Gunn McKay and wife, and Arnold G. Holland, missionaries from Zion in all Great Britain. This number was, however, increased by seven, who arrived shortly before, and by Elders Lon J. Haddock and Thomas M. Wheeler, who came with President Smith and family, arriving June 25th, 1919.

Peace-day celebrations throughout the land, July 19, 1919, were observed by the saints in many branches, and reports of these interesting occasions were published in July and August issues. In the July 7th issue, appeared a very interesting account of his service in France, as chaplain in the United States army, by Calvin S. Smith, who was then attending a school of officers at Leeds. He wrote also for the *Star* an article on "Spiritualism."

In the August 28th number, a biographical sketch of President George A. Smith, counselor to President Brigham Young was begun and ran through eight numbers. An editorial mention of the tour of Canada and the United States, by the Prince of Wales,

is in the September 25th number, especially of his visit to the province of Alberta, where there are over ten thousand Latter-day Saints, and where the Prince has invested in a ranch. Two continued articles of much interest, by Elder Levi Edgar Young, were published in the September and October issues, entitled respectively, "Ancient America," and "Utah Pioneers and the Indians;" and the November numbers had a continued paper in three parts, by Lon J. Haddock, entitled, "Is Mormonism a Menace?" November 27th, an account is given of the visit of President Woodrow Wilson to Salt Lake City, where he spoke in the tabernacle; and of his calling, with his wife, upon Sister Emmeline B. Wells, President of the Relief Society.

President George Albert Smith, accompanied by Elder Junius F. Wells, left Liverpool October 31st, 1919, to visit the Swiss and German missions. An account of their journey through France and to the conferences in Switzerland, is given December 4th. The following week, the editorial is devoted to the publication of "Anti-Mormon Slanders denied," being excerpts from the United States Congressional Record, in which Senators and other men of high influence are quoted in denials of the false stories being issued by the Anti-Mormon League. The volume, eighty-one, closes with "Salutations of the Season," from the President and a number of the missionaries throughout the mission.

In drawing towards the close of this Review it may be convenient for future reference, and may concentrate interest to name chronologically the editors of the *Millennial Star*, from the beginning. These have been usually, though not always, Presidents of the mission. They have always had associated with them one or more assistant editors, besides the hands employed in the mechanical departments:

May 1840—October 1842. Parley P. Pratt, editor; Thomas Ward, assistant.

October 1842—December 1844. Thomas Ward, editor; Reuben Hedlock, president from 1843.

January 1845—October 1846. Wilford Woodruff, president; Hedlock and Ward, counselors. The latter, assistant editor.

October 1846—January 1847. Orson Hyde, editor; F. D. Richards, assistant.

January 1847—July 1848. Orson Spencer, editor; F. D. Richards, L. O. Littlefield, assistants.

August 1848—December 1850. Orson Pratt, editor; Eli B. Kelsey, F. D. Richards, assistants.

January 1851—May 1852. Franklin D. Richards, editor; James Linforth, C. H. Wheelock, assistants.

May 1852—July 1854. Samuel W. Richards, editor; Daniel Spencer, James A. Little, assistants.

July 1854—August 1856. Franklin D. Richards, editor; James A. Little, Edward W. Tullidge, assistants.

August 1856—October 1857. Orson Pratt, editor; E. W. Tullidge, J. A. Little, John A. Ray, assistants; Asa Calkin, chief clerk.

October 1857—March 1858. Samuel W. Richards, editor; Henry Whittall, assistant.

March 1858—May 1860. Asa Calkin, editor: Henry Whittall, Thomas Williams, assistants.

May 1860—August 1860. N. V. Jones, editor; Jacob Gates, and Henry Whittall, assistants.

August 1860—January 1861. Amasa Lyman, editor; C. C. Rich, N V. Jones, Henry Whittall, assistants.

January 1861—September 1864. George Q. Cannon, editor; Henry Whittall, E. L. Sloan, William Fuller, William H. Shearman, John C. Graham, George J. Taylor, Eugene Henriod, Joseph G. Romney, George Reynolds, assistants.

September 1864—September 1865. Daniel H. Wells, editor; Brig-Young, Jr., Joseph G. Romney, John V. Hood, assistants; George Reynolds, R. R. Anderson, clerks.

September 1865—July 1867. Brigham Young, Jr., editor; J. V. Hood, Anrelius Miner, Orson Pratt, Charles W. Penrose, assistants; R. R. Anderson, William W. Riter, N. H. Felt, Edwin Middleton, clerks.

June 1867—September 1868. Franklin D. Richards, editor; Charles W. Penrose, assistant; William B. Preston, George F. Gibbs, clerks.

September 1868—June 1870. Albert Carrington, editor; George Teasdale, John Jaques, assistants; A. W. Carlson, Joseph Quinney, clerks.

June 1870—June 1871. Horace S. Eldridge, editor; John Jaques, assistant; A. W. Carlson, clerk.

June 1871—October 1873. Albert Carrington, editor; George Reynolds, James G. Bleak, Samuel S. Jones, John C. Graham, assistants; George F. Gibbs, clerk.

October 1873—March 1874. Lester J. Herrick, editor; John C. Graham, assistant; John H. Burrows, John Clark, clerks.

March 1874—September 1875. Joseph F. Smith, editor; John C. Graham, L. John Nuttall, Edward Hanham, assistants.

September 1875—May 1877. Albert Carrington, editor; David McKenzie, Henry W. Naisbitt, assistants; Ernest I. Young, James Sharp, Arta D. Young, clerks.

May 1877—July 1878. Joseph F. Smith, editor; Henry W. Naisbitt, assistant; Charles W. Nibley, clerk.

July 1878—November 1880. William Budge, editor; John Nicholson, Charles W. Stayner, assistants. C. W. Nibley, Francis Cope, chief clerks; Henry Rolapp, clerk.

November 1880—November 1882. Albert Carrington, editor; C. W. Stayner, Orson F. Whitney, assistants; Lyman R. Martineau, R. R. Anderson, chief clerks.

November 1882—January 1885. John Henry Smith, editor; O.

F. Whitney, George C. Lambert, assistants; Benjamin Bennett, C. J. Arthur, chief clerks.

January 1885—February 1887. Daniel H. Wells, editor; George Osmond, C. W. Penrose, assistants; C. J. Arthur, Robert S. Campbell, chief clerks.

February 1887—September 1890. George Teasdale, editor; B. H. Roberts, Thomas W. Brookbank, George W. Phillips, John E. Carlisle, assistants; Duncan M. McAllister, L. R. Thomas, Walter Hoge, clerks.

October 1890—June 1893. Brigham Young, editor; John E. Carlisle, James H. Anderson, W. B. Dougall, Jr., Alfred Solomon, assistants; John C. Cutler, Reed Smoot, Joseph Quinney, Albert C. Young, John F. Squires, clerks.

June 1893—July 1896 Anthon H. Lund, editor; J. V. Bluth, Alfred L. Booth, Edwin F. Parry, assistants; Thomas E. Taylor, Victor P. Wells, John H. Burrows, clerks.

July 1896—December 1898. Rulon S. Wells, editor; Joseph W. McMurrin, Edwin F. Parry, George E. Carpenter, Attawell Wootton, assistants; J. H. Burrows, Herbert L. James, clerks.

December 1898—June 1901. Platte D. Lyman, editor; Henry W. Naisbitt, James. L. McMurrin, Attawell Wootton, assistants; Joseph W. Smith, G. F. Wright, A. L. F. McDermott, Caleb W. Haws, clerks.

June 1901—January 1904. Francis M. Lyman, editor; Alex. Buchanan, Jr., Joseph J. Cannon, assistants; Caleb W. Haws, Samuel J. Handy, clerks.

January 1904—December 1906. Heber J. Grant, editor; Walter M. Wolfe, Nephi Anderson, William A. Morton, assistants; Malcolm McAllister, Jesse B. Higgs, R. Eugene Allen, Vernon W. Fairbanks, clerks.

December 1906—June 1910. Charles W. Penrose, editor; William A. Morton, S. Norman Lee, assistants; D. Ray Shurtliff, mission secretary; Ralph Ludlow, Ralph H. Jones, emigration clerks.

June 1910—October 1913. Rudger Clawson, editor; S. Norman Lee, Thomas W. Brookbank, Hugh Ireland, assistants; D. Ray Shurtliff, E. Taft Benson, secretaries; Alma L. Sonne, Fred R. Woolley, emigration clerks.

October 1913—September 1916. Hyrum M. Smith, editor; T. W. Brookbank, J. M. Sjödahl, assistants; Arthur L. Beeley, G. Merlin Southwick, John E. Cottam, mission secretaries.

September 1916—July 1919. George F. Richards, editor; J. M. Sjödahl, assistant; John E. Cottam, mission secretary; George F. Richards, Jr., transportation agent.

July 1919.—George Albert Smith, editor; Junius F. Wells, assistant; John E. Cottam, mission secretary; Thomas M. Wheeler, transportation agent.

There have been forty-one editorial periods, divided among thirty-one names, published officially as editors of the *Millennial Star*. Twenty-four serving once, five twice, one three times and one four times. The average terms being just under two years. This would be further reduced were certain periods of absence of the official editor, subtracted, during which their names continued to appear, though their assistants were left in editorial charge.

The longest total period served was seven years and ten months, by Albert Carrington, the shortest three months by N. V. Jones. The longest continuous single terms were three years and eight months by George Q. Cannon, with Charles W. Penrose a close follower, having served three years and seven months.

It has not been possible to discover a complete list of the names of the assistant-editors and the period of their service, nor of the secretaries, chief clerks, emigration clerks and other employees of the office; for many have served for brief periods, without a mention of their appointment being published. Many names that appear in the above imperfect list could only be found by searching the notices of arrivals and releases and the minutes of conferences, in which they were designated as from the Liverpool office.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE BABY IN UTAH.

[WHEN Phil Robinson, English journalist visited Utah in the interest of the *New York World*, and of certain other newspapers, he made a tour of the Mormon settlements and was entertained in many homes of the people. He was struck by the multitude, and health, and charm of Mormon children and lectured upon "Utah's Best Crop"—the baby. Ed.]

In Utah there was a simplicity which reminded me of nothing so much as Wilkie's pictures. It was pure rusticity. Above all, "The baby" was in great force. What an ineffable person the baby is! I am not at all sure that they might not be improved upon—but let that pass. As they are, they are well worth studying. They are diplomatists of the most experienced kind, and there is nothing in the world which is not within the scope of a baby's ambition. They are very uncommunicative about their likes, leaving their satisfaction to be inferred from their complacency; but their dislikes they proclaim with considerable diligence and emphasis. There is, indeed, no mistaking those things to which a baby objects, for it leaves no room for misapprehension; but content is expressed only by a profound silence. This is truly royal, for kings and emperors in the same way do not condescend to express delight with any effusion, but, on the contrary, leave it to be understood that they are pleased by not exhibiting any demonstration of displeasure. "Every baby is born

a prince"—and nothing truer was ever said. Few of them, it is true, grow up kings, but every cradle nevertheless is a throne, and the bottle, the rattle, and the nightlight are the sacred insignia of sovereign rule. Sycophants are forever hovering round the tiny magnate, vying with each other to catch a smile or win a chuckle, and even when they fail, pretending to each other that they have succeeded.

Meanwhile the baby. Flattery is wasted upon him, and adulation does not affect him. To the intrigues of sycophants and the defferential blandishments of visitors he responds with impartial serenity, going to sleep under a storm of compliments, or turning to his bottle in the very midst of a seige of caresses. He betrays no pleasure in wealth, or beauty, or intellect, and lets slip no sign of interest in sensational intelligence. The whole Dream of Fair Women might pass in procession, and he would not check a yawn; while if an empire were falling in ruins about him, he would not take his eyes off the gas-light. This wonderful philosophy, which withstands unmoved, the assaults of female beauty, and accepts without a gesture of surprise or regret the downfall of nations, baffles adult conjecture and routs logic. There is no arguing with the baby, for it has no premises in its syllogisms, and expresses itself by conclusions only, the unqualified affirmative or unqualified negative. If it will, it does, and if it will not, there is the end of the matter. One might as well offer a suggestion to the equinoxes as to the baby. Such being the case, and the baby refusing to respond to hints, there is nothing for it but to accept quiescence as satisfaction, and screaming as the reverse. The arrangement, perhaps, is not a bad one, for it saves everybody a world of trouble. On the other hand the baby finds itself under no neccessity of explaining either the gradations of pleasure or the causes for its disapprobation. Like the wise judge, it gives its decision, but not the reasons for it. The door is thus closed against haggling, and the tedious unravelling of cause and effect is avoided. The baby's friends, on the other hand, find a sharp line laid down for them of likes and dislikes, and have not to puzzle and perplex themselves about any debatable border-land of tastes, any probable this or possible that. They are saved all the worries of uncertainty, and are not distracted among a large choice of expedients. If the baby is quiet, it is happy. If it is not quiet, hold it upside down, and if it is still disturbed, give it some refreshment. This delightful simplicity of treatment makes it possible, therefore, even though the baby is reticent, to arrive with accuracy at the state of its feelings, and it also circumscribes the sphere of its pleasures so exactly as to make it unnecessary to seek for variety. What babies hate is irregularity. They want very little, but they like that little often and punctually. It is of no use, therefore, when the baby wants to be turned round and patted on the back, to try to put it off with an exhibition of the

old masters, or to hold it up to look at a regatta. This only makes it scream. Procrastination in bottles makes the baby mad. For the baby there is nothing in all history so important as the invention of India-rubber tubing, and it would rather see the sun, moon and stars drop out of the skies than take its thumb out of its mouth. Why is it, then, that so many mothers carry their infants "in arms" about with them to theatres and picnics, to places of refreshment and of recreation? Even though, as I have already said, we cannot be sure that babies enjoy these festivities unless they tell us so, there is a great reason for believing, by inference from their customary behavior, that they would much rather be left at home.

Few mothers, however, of the class to which I refer, have the heart to leave their bairns at home. They cannot, like the squaws, hang their papooses up in baskets from the roofs of the wigwams, or, like the women of the South-sea Islands, sling their infants up to the boughs of trees, while they go about their work. The American or British baby is not a primitive person, and if it is not punctually attended to, soon lets everybody in the neighborhood into the secret. The papoose may suffer and be strong, but that is only because the papoose sees no chance of advantage from protest. The Feejee piccaninny also may acquiesce in its abnormal hammock from a philosophic sense of necessity. But the Baby of Freedom fully understands that he is the result of natural selection, that he survives because he is the fittest, and that he is "the heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time." He sees, moreover, that parents, servants, and visitors fully recognize these important facts, and so, wielding the sceptre while he may, he rules the household with a rod of iron. If he does not wish to be put down, somebody has to hold him, and as he will not lie quietly alone, somebody has to carry him about. An opportunity for a holiday presents itself to the parents, but the baby has no intention of being overlooked. The mother must either take the infant with her or leave it at home to choke, and, to her credit be it said, she generally adopts the former alternative. And what a weary strain the precious burden becomes before the evening's enjoyment is over! It is of no use for the father to offer to hold it. The baby detects the irregularity at once. Equally futile is it to talk of "putting the baby down," for it refuses to be treated like a parcel or a riot. The little creature is inexorable, selecting always the moments of greatest discomfort to increase embarrassment by its compliments or the instant when silence would be more than golden to lift up its voice in remonstrance. In the long-run it has its way, for if the mother intends to be happy herself, she must see that the baby is satisfied with its circumstances; and so, under the honorable terms of mutual respect, both mother and child manage somehow to "have a good time" together.—PHIL ROBINSON.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1920.

EDITORIAL:

FORMER AND LATTER-DAY RELIGION.

We are often asked the question: "What is the difference between you Latter-day Saints and other religious denominations?" The reply to that, which our elders safely make and sustain, is that the difference is the same as subsisted between former-day saints and other religious denominations. That is a comprehensive, general distinction, by which, carefully considered, the various dissentient denominations may discover, not only why Mormonism, so-called, is different from their religions, but also the measure of their own divergence, respectively, from the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The disciples of the Lord, who preached Christ and the resurrection, after He had risen, found themselves advocating doctrines and contending for a living faith that every other religion denounced. They were consequently held up to opprobrium and scorn, and were persecuted to death. Nevertheless the gospel they taught was the truth, and by comparison with it the vain and pretentious forms of sectarian worship, the assumption of their priests without authority and the utter lack of the Spirit of God among them, became manifest to many who diligently sought, and were not afraid to find and abide by the truth. The challenge of the Latter-day Saints, open to the religious and the irreligious world, is that a comparision of their various cults of faith or of unbelief with the gospel of Jesus Christ as it was taught by His apostles and other disciples, who received their knowledge and testimony of Him by personal association and by the ministration of the Holy Ghost, will disclose the difference between their creeds and Mormonism. It is just that difference; no more, no less; for Mormonism is the gospel of Jesus Christ. It comprises the fundamental principles of faith, repentance of sin, baptism for the remission of sin, the laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost; with the authority and power to administer the Word of God.

That we may be able to issue this challenge effectively every saint, and especially every missionary, should be well informed upon the teachings of the disciples. A knowledge of the Bible, especially of the New Testament, supplies this. The Apostle Paul says: "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profit-

able for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." We often hear the quotation from the words of the Lord: "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me." These words were spoken to professors of religion; but they were not really true believers, for He said: "And ye have not his word abiding in you: for whom he hath sent, him ye believe not. * * * But I know you, that ye have not the love of God in you. * * * For had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me, for he wrote of me."

So say we. Search the testament, study the life and ministry of the Lord and his disciples. If you believe them you will believe us. No man can stand up to a belief in the Bible and deny belief in the Book of Mormon. No denomination can accept the doctrines of Christ, the principles of the gospel, the authority of his ministry and reject the revelations of the Lord given to Joseph Smith. They are all one. We can say in these last days, as Paul said in his time, "Be not thou ashamed of the testimony of our Lord, * * * who hath saved us and called us, with a holy calling, according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began; but it is now made manifest by the appearing of our Savior Jesus Christ."

Mark the contrast of such a testimony with the unbelief, the pride and arrogance, of the wicked sectaries, who rejected it and persecuted the Lord and his disciples to death. So have they, in these latter days, rejected our testimony, despising the servants of God who have borne it to them, persecuting them also unto death. It is only required that this comparison shall be made thoroughly without fear of results. It will inevitably reveal the identity of the gospel as taught by the Savior to His people in Palestine, of which the New Testament bears witness; and of the gospel, as taught by the risen Redeemer to His people in ancient America, as recorded in the Book of Mormon; and of the gospel, as restored again to the children of men, by the ministry of angels, sent from the presence of God in this latter time, to prepare a people for His second coming. The difference between the Latter-day Saints and other religions, then, is simply the difference between such religions and the gospel of Jesus Christ. Let the world and its various denominations, preachers and people, ponder upon that. Let the saints study the resemblances found in the Scriptures, ancient and modern, and become familiar with their supporting testimonies; they will find that the records of Judah and of Joseph have come together and are held as one in the hands of the servants of God to prove the truth, overthrow error and false doctrine, and establish the Church and kingdom of God on earth.

J. F. W.

MINUTES OF THE LIVERPOOL CONFERENCE.

On October 31st. 1920, the saints of the Liverpool conference had a wonderful time of rejoicing together, with their friends and saints from some adjoining conferences. It was held at Blackburn, and most of the family from Durham House, Liverpool, were present and took part in the program. Sister Lucy W. Smith gave the sisters fine advice, emphasizing the fact that the Relief Society is an auxiliary organization and should work as a help to the priesthood. Elder Wheeler spoke of the necessity of being humble and teachable and showed that a lack of humility is one of the big obstacles to the world peace. Elder Wells had a heart-to-heart talk with the young folks and told them that the gospel is the surest foundation to build on, for joy and success in this life and through the eternities to come. Elder Woodruff reported the conference to be in a growing condition and that the saints are learning the value of living the gospel and are practicing the Word of Wisdom and Tithing. President George Albert Smith delivered two fine sermons and accounted for the spirit of persecution found in the world, as the power of evil fighting against the work of God. He showed from the scriptures that this is one of the marks of the true Church. George Albert Smith, Jr., delighted the congregation by showing that an understanding of the gospel can be obtained at an early age, by attending to the duties and opportunities offered to the young Latter-day Saint.

One of the features of the conference, that was particularly enjoyable to all, was the splendid Sunday-school program of songs, story and recitation, which was carried out by the youngest members of each branch. It was truly wonderful to hear little tots recite the Articles of Faith, The Word of Wisdom, and some of the choicest sermons from the Bible. It impressed those present with the fact that God is raising up a generation that will be eminently fit for the great responsibility of carrying the gospel to the nations of the earth.

The large crowd was comfortably cared for, though the hall was full to capacity, and much credit is due to President Starkey for the way the extensive program was carried out.

A PSALM OF PRAISE.

I will write of Thy wondrous works with the pen, Oh Jehovah, with the pen will I express the feelings of my soul. For Thou art exalted very high: Thy wisdom is vaster than the firmament; Thy understanding penetrateth the illimitable past. Each successive operation of Thy power therein is known to Thee. The infinite results of Thy wisdom are stamped upon each atom of

Thy universe. In form, design and outline, the smallest mote and mammoth alike speak Thy wisdom. The future, with its infinitude of uncreated lives and worlds, is spread before Thy vision. No form yet to appear, no world, however vast and future, nor life, however great or small; no character to be developed or part to be enacted in the great scroll of eternity's future calendar is hid from Thee. Life, its emotions, powers, thought, feeling, action, to be brought on the stage of endless worlds to play its part, is compassed by Thine all-surveying eye. Unnumbered worlds, lit by their centre-suns, in the blue vault of Thine immensity, obey Thy law. None fail in their appointed times. Precision vast! Unerring, stupendous power! Filling with awe and weakness all below. Who can question Thy existence, or fail to admire Thy wisdom? Unaided reason wanders aimlessly through Thine unmeasured space, seeing no splendor, no hand divine, in those huge arches hung with blazing worlds. Vainly would it trace, by aid of false philosophy, to other source than Thine, their origin. No ray of inspiration do such claim from Thee, sole author of existence here,

Inspired with living light, the righteous comprehend, in faint degree, Thy power which shines through those vast realms. Upheld by Thee, worlds onward roll, unwearied through the blue abyss. Like Thy pure spirit, unconfined, their joyous beams reflect on other worlds remote. Though vast their distances, none are shut out from Thee. Unnumbered hosts revel alike, regardless of condition, in splendor of Thy light divine. Thus are we to Thy presence eager borne; in Thee we live, breathe, dwell; in Thee, aspire in this our frail estate, to thrones celestial. Protect us, then, by Thine all-powerful arm; through dread temptation's luring ills our wandering footsteps guide; our lowly thoughts turn upward that we may soar to truths sublime, and our conceptions of Thy words and works, draw us near to Thee. May we, removed from sordid, grasping aims, immortal honors seek, that bliss ineffable may fill our souls, and no base thoughts of Thee dim our bright hopes. Thus, growing wiser, may we, each day, admire Thee more, that our immortal souls, impressed by love and light, may pass the abyss of death, and wear the garments of the good and pure. Life-giving potentate, we come to Thee! on Thee our all depends for future bliss. The roaring ocean, the thunder's awful voice, and the convulsive earthquake announce Thy majesty—proclaim Thee God.

Thou coverest the wicked by the flood; by the cyclone towns are swept away in an instant; most awful is the windstorm of Thy power; it desolateth, it destroyeth life. The ungodly are appalled and disappointed; apprehensions of trouble haunt them; their souls quake at the approach of menacing evil. Hideous are their inquities; their acts of violence and bloodshed are recorded for vengeance. Kings fear and potentates have dread; their

armies are preparing for conflict; the roaring of their artillery shall shake the earth; they shall rush upon each other in mortal combat; they shall fight to utter extinction; though they are numerous as weeds or countless as flies, yet shall Thy hand smite them, and Thy right arm destroy them. The Lord of hosts reigneth in His majesty; let great Bablyon tremble before Him; for by devouring fire from heaven shall she be cast down; yea, terrible shall be her destruction.

Let us reverently bow before Jehovah, and praise Him in the tabernacles and temples. In the holy places let us raise the glad voice of melody and thanksgiving; let us extol the matchless power which led us into the wilderness from the Gentile bondage. Through a vast continent, and a journey unparalelled for length didst Thou lead Thy people. Mobs have assailed them: they have shed the blood of innocence, which crieth from the ground against them. Avenge that blood, oh, Lord, for Zion's sake wilt thou avenge it. For the sake of the holy martyrs, who plead before Thy throne, avenge it, oh, Lord. When thy saints cry unto thee, hear thou their cries and be thou their defense. From the reproach of the slanderer and the devices of the ungodly, oh, Lord, deliver us. Hypocrites mock; they rave; they lie without limit; they have deprived the just of their rights; their liberties have they taken away. But their arm shall be broken; they shall not inherit the land. Thou wilt exalt thy saints; thou hast given them the Rocky Mountains for a bulwark, for a defense against the Gentile and an asylum for the gathered of the nations. To it shall the people assemble as birds before the howling tempest. Mighty art Thou, oh, Jehovah; in the majesty of thy strength wilt Thou avenge our wrongs. From the pavilion of thy hiding-place reveal Thyself, that nations may know that Thou dost favor Zion, and hast pleasure in her holy ones. Let the mountain gorges and canyons praise the Lord, let the lofty mountain peaks testify of our God. For the ordinance of the sick, for the horn of the anointing, let us praise him. For the holy endowment and the robes of his holiness, let us render thanks-giving. Praise ye the Lord.

CHARLES D. EVANS.

A NORWEGIAN WHALE HUNT.

WE are in the middle of a flock of giants of the sea. The enormous brown and blue bodies rise out of the sea; the back is bent upward, it looks like the bottom of a capsized ship; it disappears; but the sea becomes calm where the whale went down, and several minutes elapse before the waves are able to conquer the calm. From time to time deep dull snorts are heard, thundering and trembling, as if the deepest strings of a dozen double-

basses were being played down below; and at others a sharp swishing sound, like an enormous fountain suddenly set to play, and a column of crystal spray ascends some thirty feet into the air. The gigantic, glistening body appears on the surface; the back is bent upward a second, and it again disappears. It looks as if the whale was warm and comfortable enough; the sea water, to us looking so cold, plays pleasantly around it; hot steam issues from its dilated nostrils, and it seems like a man enjoying a refreshing morning dip. During the last quarter of an hour we have seen some forty whales, but none have come within range. The gun has no certainty much beyond thirty yards, so that the whale must be nearly under the ship's bow when firing. As we stand looking at this magnificent spectacle, the water close around the ship suddenly becomes light green in color, and somewhat calm. Then a deep, heavy thunder; the ship trembles from stem to stern; a great column of dampness is shot into the air, drenching us all; a dull snort, and an enormous blue whale rises out of the sea a few yards on our starboard side. Now the captain will fire, we think, involuntarily holding on to the wire rigging; but Foyn stands by his gun without making the least movement, and the next second the whale again descends into his watery home. The range was probably not a good one. A few minutes after the same thunder, the same sensation, the same column and the same snort—another whale appears on the port side. The captain turns the gun while we watch with beating hearts the movements of the animal as well as his own. Every second seems an eternity. He raises the gun, aim. Alas! a heavy sea strikes the vessel, heels her over; the gun is lowered, but the whale is gone. They seem all to have disappeared now, not a puff to be seen. We stand and talk about the incident, and somebody suggests to go aft and "have a smoke;" when suddenly two whales are seen some distance off, now going side by side, now behind each other. The helm is turned, and we follow them in hot haste through wind and waves. Complete silence reigns on board during the pursuit, only now and then broken by the captain's short words of command, who stands calmly watching the animals. Now the vessel heels over—the whales are within range. "Stop," sounds in the engine room. But the speed was too great, and we shot past them. "Full speed ahead," sounds again. Two men at the helm!" The vessel turns swiftly, and we separate the couple. The whales disappear. We follow the direction they are taking, and look!—a little before us the sea becomes emerald green. "Slow," again. The vessel moves slowly forward, and the whale reappears twenty yards off. "Stop," shouts the captain. The gun is turned, raised, and again lowered—not a sound is heard on board—the whale has puffed—the back is bending; the captain aims—and a thundering report rends the air, and makes the vessel tremble in every section. We have watched all this with every nerve strained, and hardly feel

the icy foam of the sea which bedews the cheeks and benumbs the hands.

"Did you hit him?" we shout to the captain. "Don't know," is the laconic answer. "Almost absurd to attempt it in such a sea: one risks losing the gear and frightening the whale."

In the meantime all the crew are busy clearing the line of the harpoon, and we are still in doubt whether we have hit him, but the suspense does not last long, as immediately a "Look out!" is shouted by the captain, and the line runs out with terrific speed and a great noise. "Full speed ahead," is shouted below; but the ship is running double her highest speed, such is the strength of the whale which has her in tow. The animal is fleeing at top speed, and we follow right through the breaking seas. Ten minutes pass by—they seem ten hours—when suddenly a blood-streaked column of water is seen on the horizon. It is our whale. Another moment, and a clear one is seen. It is his companion which follows her wounded mate. Both go down; the line does not run so fast; the wounded whale appears once or twice more, when he sinks. The whale is dead. After a while the hauling in begins very carefully, and finally the great body rises to the surface, the ship heeling over. After a few hours' hard work in securing the monster to the vessel with chains and ropes, the course is shaped for home.

"What do you think of it, captain?" I asked. "Not bad," he answers simply. "Steward, give the crew a drink all round, and let us have something to eat."

The whale measured more than eighty feet in length. Once more his widowed mate takes a turn round the ship, when she stands out to sea; while we, with our noble spoil in tow, slowly make for the whale station in South Varanger.

FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

Appointment.—Elder Thomas L. Redford, October 13th, 1920, as president of the Manchester conference, to succeed Elder Walter Roberts, honorably released.

Arrivals.—The following elders arrived per s.s. *Metagama*, November 2nd, 1920, and were assigned temporarily to London: Richard Williams, Jr., of Cedar City, Utah; Gordon W. Mathis, of St. George, Utah; Arthur L. Crawford, of Enterprise, Utah.

Re-organized.—Sunday, October 10th, 1920, a Sunday-school was organized at Strond, Bristol conference, by Elders Fred R. Morgan and Harvey D. Hansen. The following officers were sustained and set apart: Charles Cooke, superintendent; Elizabeth A. Creed and Zina Cooke, assistants, and Martha Cooke, secretary.

Social.—On Thursday, October 27th, 1920, at 30 Abbotsford Place, Glasgow, a social was held in honor of Brother and Sister Barryman and family, who leave for Canada on October 29th, 1920. Elder James E. Rennie presiding. The program consisted of songs, recitations, and musical sketches by Mr. Donald Grey. During the proceedings President William Easton, on behalf of saints of the Glasgow branch, presented Sister Barryman with a purse of silver as a mark of respect and esteem. Sister Barryman thanked one and all for their kindness. Refreshments were served under the direction of Sister Jean Glass, president of the Relief Society, the number of saints and friends present was forty-six.

Harvest Festivals.—On Sunday, October 10th, 1920, the saints of the Hyde branch, Manchester conference, held their annual harvest festival. A very beautiful display of fruit, etc., was contributed by the saints and friends, and the hall was prettily decorated. A good spirit was enjoyed throughout the day and the meetings were well attended, there being about sixty persons present at the evening meeting service. Also a fruit banquet was held in the above branch on Monday evening, under direction of the Relief Society. A nice program was rendered, after which games were indulged in and the fruit sold and distributed; and in this manner a nice little sum was raised in aid of the Relief Society. Elders Walter Roberts and T. L. Redford, and Luke Briggs were the speakers. A street meeting was held both on Sunday and Monday evenings after the meetings in the hall, on the street in Hyde, at "the Hyde market place," which were well attended. A large quantity of literature was distributed.

October 17th, 1920, a very successful and appreciative harvest festival was held at Halifax. The Sunday-school members gave some most excellent numbers suitable to the occasion. Duets and solos were nicely rendered. The speakers were Sister Florence Hoyle, Elders Harry S. Stoker, W. H. Wheatley, Brothers Arthur Priestley and Leonard A. Higgins.

Branch Conferences.—On Sunday, October 26th, 1920, a branch conference was held at Nottingham. At the morning session the children took an active part in concert recitations. Sister Annie E. Noble told the story of the healing of Naaman the Syrian by the Prophet Elijah. President V. B. Stallings gave the story of the two thousand sons of Helaman. At the afternoon session Sacrament was administered. Elder A. Noble spoke on "Faith and the need of constant prayer." Elder Harold E. Brough gave an address on, "The patient and faithful endurance of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the like quality in the pioneer saints of the Church." At the evening session, President Joseph Robinson presiding, the Church authorities were sustained. Sister E. Noble gave a

a short talk on: "The first vision and the early persecutions of the prophet." President Stallings followed, explaining the Prophet's difficulties and triumphs. The conference was brought to a close by Elder Noble telling of the wonderful growth of the Church from its inception to the present day. Solos were rendered by Sister Nellie Clarke and President J. Robinson.

The South Shields branch conference was held Sunday, October 31st, 1920, at Victoria Hall, South Shields. The conference was attended by President David E. Randall, Elder Osmond C. Crowther, the local branch presidency, and thirty-nine members and friends. Two services and a priesthood meeting were held. The South Shields branch is growing, both in spirit and attendance at meetings, and all those present expressed a happiness and good feeling in mingling with the saints.

BOOKS.

Thank God for books! They cheer us ever on,
And teach us how to live and how to die;
They live and smile and love us though the sun
Of human friendship clouds its trusted eye.

A bookless life! How vain and dark and drear
To nobler mind! Heaven guard me from such lot,
For little else of pleasure find we here;—
Ah, what were life on earth if books were not!

Thank God for books! Dear friends so constant still,
Though nearer hearts do coldly turn away,
They're still the same through happiness and ill;
Their praise shall live where beams a brighter day!

RUBY LAMONT.

DIED.

SNOWLING.—September 24th, 1920, near Lowestoft, William Snowling died of paralysis. He was born March 1st, 1851. Baptized and confirmed by Joseph Campbell March 31st, 1893. Was ordained to the office of priest September 16th, 1904, by Joseph Nye. He was a very faithful member of the Church and was an example to all who knew him.

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